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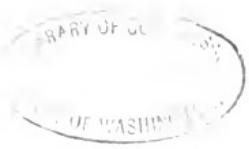
HON. JAMES W. WALL,

AT NEWARK, N. J.,

July 4th, 1863.

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A D D R E S S.



It was the year 390 before the Christian era. The great Roman General Camillus, conqueror of Veii, had returned to Rome laden with the spoils of a devastated city; in triumph he had passed along the Sacred Way, and gone up to the Capitol in a chariot drawn by four white horses, "like the Chariot of the Sun."

All Rome was out to greet him,

"While laurel boughs and flowers,
From house-top and from windows,
Fell on his crest in showers."

Never had Roman General so triumphed before, and old men shook their heads, for they feared the vengeance of the gods might fall upon the Victor and upon Rome on account of that victor's pride. In an evil hour, while flushed with triumph, Camillus appropriated to himself the brazen gates of the city. Impeachment followed, then banishment—for thus the Romans of that earlier and purer day of the Republic *punished the Great who would grieve them over the gate's confinement*. A sorrowful and degraded he went out of one of the city gates towards the place of his exile, he turned him about and prayed that the country might soon feel his want. His parting prayer was heard, for within a year the God was at the gate of Rome, and the smoke of the once proud city ascended like the smoke of a furnace. At that very hour the exiled Roman turned his

steps towards the place of his banishment, a terrible horde of fierce and strange barbarians were sweeping like a locust swarm over all the southern plains of Italy, crushing and destroying. These yellow-haired, blue-eyed strangers had years before poured down upon the northern plains of this country of the olive and the vine, spreading themselves over all the land that lay between the Apennines and the Adriatic sea. And now they had crossed the Apennines at the invitation of a citizen of Clusium, whose traitor soul had taken this mean revenge ; and their cohorts lay like the coils of some glistening serpent upon the plain round the Etruscan city. Despairing and hopeless, the frightened citizens of Clusium called upon Rome, her ancient foe, for succor ; but whom now a common danger, they trusted, would soon transform into a friend and ally. Nor was their faith vain. Rome, roused by the exigencies of a common peril, sent the three Fabii, sons of the Pontifex Maximus, to warn this stranger foe not to meddle with the men of Clusium. An insulting menace from the lips of one of the Roman ambassadors roused the fierce leader of the barbarians, and breaking up his camp he marched at once on Rome. He had not reached the walls of "the Seven Hilled City" before he was confronted by the Romans who had gone out to meet him on the banks of the Alia, a stream that still murmurs over its pebbly bed as it rolls toward "the Yellow Tiber, from its source in the Sabine hills. The weight of the numbers of the barbarians soon, however, bore down all opposition, and the fierce human torrent rolled on towards the doomed city of the Tiber,

" And from the rock Tarpeian
Did the war burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red on the midnight sky ;
And nearer fast, and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come,
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath the rolling cloud,
Was heard the trumpet's war note proud,
The trampling and the run."

The Conscrip Fathers of the city put forth every exertion to retrieve their fallen fortunes ; but such was the panic created by

the presence of these barbarian hordes, they failed in every effort to man the city walls against the invading foe. Then it was that old senators who had been consuls and censors, who had won triumphs and grown grey in the service, determined to sacrifice themselves for Roma; if perchance they might avert the impending fate. The sacred "Carmen" was sung by the Pontifex Maximus, and the solemn rites performed by which they devoted themselves to the infernal gods, who might hurl upon their heads the full force of the vengeance and destruction threatening their beloved city. And when they heard the clangor of the Gallic trumpets and the tramp of the barbaric legions, as flushed with triumph they swept on towards Rome, these Roman senators ordered their curule chairs to be set in the Comitium, just at the base of the Palatine Hill, where now three noble columns, majestic even in decay, attest the splendor that once ornamented this portion of the Roman Forum.

Onward swept the Gallic host, approaching the city by the Colline gate. To the astonishment of the foe, it stood wide open before them. Then slowly they advanced, not without suspicion of an ambush, through deserted streets, unresisted and unchecked. Reaching the Forum, there within its sacred precincts, each in his curule chair, they beheld these venerable men, "looking," as one of their own amanuists hath it, "like so many gods descended from heaven to save the city." For awhile they gazed in silent awe upon this sublime sight, as well they might, until a Gaul, harder and more irreverent than the rest, ventured to stroke the long white beard of Marcus Papirius, who raised his ivory staff and smote the offender to the earth. The savage recovering from the blow, in his rage slew him, and this first sword-stroke gave the signal for a general massacre; when soon the mutilated remains of Roman senators fast by their curule chairs attested that as in life, so in death, were they faithful to the Republic. Such was the devotion of early Rome; fierce in its wild resolve, most tragic in its consummation.

And, citizens! have we no historic period for this Roman act of stern devotion? Not perhaps like it in all its tragic details, but in the sacrifices involved, and the moral grandeur of the act, fully equaling, if not surpassing it? Was not the event you are here to celebrate, when you look at all the surround-

ings, the circumstances and situation of the actors, the startling hazard of the deed, equal if not superior to the stern patriotism of that Roman Senate, who in their ivory chairs, in their flowing robes, and grasping their wands of office, awaited in majestic silence the coming of the foe, that they might give their lives an offering to the infernal gods to save the Republic? The Conscript Fathers of our Republic, who in that Hall still preserved to us in a neighboring city, when clouds and darkness were gathered in their gloom around a fainting cause, could affix their signatures to that instrument just read, exhibited a moral courage far beyond all Greek or Roman fame. This deliberate appeal to the Nations of the Earth, to posterity and the God of Battles, by that solemn conclave seated in our Comitium, and who from their senatorial chairs looked so boldly into the face of their powerful foe, at once gave dignity and hope to a fainting cause. It was no longer an unholy struggle of subjects against a monarch, of children against their parent. It was no longer a contest for mere matter of opinion, but for national existence. It became under the awful sanction of their sublime devotion, the temperate and determined stand of men who knew their rights, and knowing dared maintain them. They "pledged to each other their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors" appealing to the Supreme Judge for the rectitude of their intentions, and leaning with confiding trust upon His Almighty arm for their support. The one was the deed of a heathen senate, actuated by a blind superstition. The other, the daring resolve of the brave representatives of a christian people—instances both of unselfish devotion for the welfare of the commonwealth, in those brave days of old.

And now in the midst of all the horrors of a civil war, the like of which the world has never known, it does seem as if the labors of all these men had been in vain. In view of all the revelations of the last two fearful years—with a full consciousness of the efforts that were made by those, who in the outset of our difficulties were sent on their mission of peace to preserve by timely compromise that nationality, the anniversary of whose birth we are here to celebrate, I can say truthfully with Queen Eleanor in King John:

" This might have been prevented and made whole,
 With very easy arguments of love,
 Which now the manage of two kingdoms, must
 With fearful, bloody issue arbitrate."

It looks to me now, as I range my eye over the history of that fearful struggle between rampant fanaticism and constitutional rights, that we gave up truth, justice and the Constitution for a mere abstraction, and that we would have saved ourselves from faction and misrule, and the wars of factions, by simply adhering to the written letter of the Constitution, and thinking more of the real interests of the white, or superior race, in this Republic; instead of mourning over or interfering with the imaginary wrongs of the black, or inferior race. Have we not in the forcible language of an intelligent Frenchman, "Destroyed the sun for his spots—forgotten his ample orb—the broad magnificence of the light shadow he casts—the beneficent grasp of his hands upon the planets?" We despised and cast down this solar order of God, because in our conceited vision, we conceived of a sun without spots; or because in our pride, we really supposed we could make a finer thing, even, than this, "*a world of other stuff!*"

We preferred the unimportant question of the relative future political status of the black race in certain territories to the solemn question whether we should remain any longer a united people? We preferred to let sectional bitterness and ambition seize on the universal discontent, and bending it to their vile purposes, make the alternative distinct—disunion or some magnanimous concession, the like of which had secured to us our government. And when the fearful issue was made, we accepted the first because our fanaticism and short-sighted, insane pride, made us shrink weakly and cowardly from the latter. We made the question a mere matter of sectional honor, when it should have been determined by the golden rule of brotherhood and a common nationality. The patriotism that would have saved us then, was the patriotism we had lost—the patriotism of our Revolutionary fathers, of the men who gave us our Constitution; that could ever sacrifice its prejudices and its pride when the life of the nation was in question. We, however, madly preferred to let pride and prejudice triumph over

our patriotism. We preferred to let the nation go down before the section or the party.

We lost sight too long of brotherly affection and kindness. We permitted the golden chain of fraternal affection, whose links were welded in Revolutionary fires, to be rudely snapped asunder in the shock of mere partisan strife, and allowed a devilish, sectional fanaticism to usurp the lofty, God-like seat of a whole-souled, omnipresent patriotism. We thought more of the prejudices and short-sighted passions of warring sections, than of the obligations of the Constitution—of Union for the purpose of partisan triumph than of that nobler Union our fathers securéd for us—ordained to “establish justice, ensure domestic tranquility, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity.” We turned a deaf ear to the warning voices of the past. Those “dead and sceptered sovereigns” of our former greatness should have “ruled us from their urns.” We would not listen to the parting words of him “Heaven made childless that a nation might call him father.”

If the whole North as well as South had only bowed themselves submissively to his teachings, and followed with the confiding faith of little children his noble precepts, to-day “the sound of hammers closing rivets up” would not have been heard in this land. The ploughshare of war would have been still rusting in its furrow. The precious blood of one family and one nation would not have been smoking from clashing and avenging steel, while the wail of the widowed and the fatherless—of the mother for the pride of her breast, and the father for the hope of his house—would not be sounding its mournful dirge throughout the land.

The fact is, citizens, this revolution caught us with a wretched set of triflers, fanatics and demagogues in power,—men who separated the Union as an accident from the nation, and from the national life. They would not learn, nor have they hardly learned it now, that the Union was the nation, “and not a mere wrapping for the nation, like a fillet for the head of a God,” and in their mad, persistent and continuous efforts to-day to bring antagonistic races on an equality with their own, to clothe them with all the rights of citizenship, they are doing what in them

lies to make the gulf that now yawns between the sections forever impassable.

The only hope for this nation, I honestly believe, in the furnace of fire through which it is passing, is in our return to wisdom's ways— all of whose paths are peace.

The great startling truth, written all over the crumbling marbles of the elder world, is that empires can only be maintained and perpetuated in vigor by the same virtues that were developed at their origin. The same courage, the same endurance, the same unselfish patriotism, that called the nation into being, concentrated its energies, and gave it a name to live, must run parallel with the nation's life, or its decay will be rapid—its destruction sure. The political progress of nations is sometimes cyclical, from insignificance through a period of greatness to insignificance again; but that is because there was no virtue at the start. The progress of nations is a fearful study, for we must seek our data amidst wrecks and sepulchres and ruins, while we deduce conclusions from the revolutions of empires and the destruction of kingdoms. The Seven Hilled City, that once gave laws to a subject world, now trembles and shakes with apprehension at the frown of a descendant of those very Northmen whose banners in the day of her renown were as dust beneath her feet. I have stood and mused upon the spot where her mighty edifices once rested. Hillocks of mouldering earth heaved around me as if the dead beneath were struggling in their last sleep. A purple haze was over all, veiling in softest shadow the spectral wrecks of mighty ruins on whose rents and fissures the red light rested, like expiring fires upon ruined altars, while the long line of her shattered aqueducts stretched pier beyond pier, across the Campagna, like shadowy and countless troops of mourners passing to a nation's grave. Rome fell because she was not true to the example of the great men, who in her early beginnings had made her a nation. She forgot the bravery and perseverance of Romulus, the prudence of Numa, and the rare, unselfish patriotism of Anius Martins.

And who is there today that does not feel that if this Republic had been true to herself, to the example of her founders, she would at this hour have been rejoicing in the beauty of her heritage and the promise of her days, instead of being hawked and

torn by the vultures of civil strife. She would have accomplished to the full the glorious vision that brave old Milton saw, who, though his bodily sight was dim, felt within himself the stirrings of a gift divine, when he exclaimed :

"Methinks I see in my mind, a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle, mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her eyes at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance—while the whole flock of timid birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what it means."

And yet with all the incitements of our glorious past, with the promise of a future so grand, that the most inspired prophetic vision did not seem comprehensive enough to fill up to the full the measure of our glory,—in an evil hour, we bartered away for the mere mess of pottage of a fanatical abstraction, this glorious birthright. The voice sounded like the voice of humanity—"the voice was Jacob's voice; but the hands were the hands of Esau." We lost that precious birthright because men ignorantly and fanatically refused to leave this question of slavery—with all its diverse and heaven-controlled relations—with all its accountabilities—with all the remedies it might require, or all the difficulty or pressure it might reach—where our Fathers were content to leave it—"to the consciences of those upon whom the providence of God and the Constitution of the country had cast it."

The Union of these States had been of slow formation—it grew as the tree grows, as the forest grows, presenting to the eye a variety of foliage, an harmony of colors—each trunk drawing appropriate nourishment, and never blasting his wholesome brother. It stood too like the forest in its confederated strength, self-sustaining and imperishable in the course of nature, in which the people had the hope given and the promise that if they were true to themselves, and the teachings of a wise experience—"while the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest shall not cease." But alas! it has been wasted by faithless abandonment—it has been spoiled by rude and ruthless violence; and oh! let us remember that instructive nature reminds us that a stunted growth always springs up on the same soil, where

before stood the forest whose every tree had majesty enough to be

"The mast of some tall Admiral."

We have now for two years and more of a civil strife that has never had its parallel in history, attempted by the wager of battle to decide the fearful issues that have made of a once perfect Union, two warring nations.

And let me ask of you in all solemnity this day, when our merry-makings are turned to funeral marches, who is there, when he reflects solemnly and thoughtfully upon the pages of the world's history—upon the savage promptings of the human heart in the madness of passions—upon its wild throbs of hate, and its fierce thirst for revenge, that dries up the very soul-springs of humanity;—that can see clearly the pathway to the restoration of our once glorious Union, over the bodies of his slaughtered countrymen, and through the red ruin and fearful havoc of desolation, that runs like Ate, "hot from hell by war's grim chariot all drenched with human gore?" You may talk to me as much as you please about the destiny of the human race—of natural geographical boundaries—of breaking up what God has established without our devices—of an Union formed by the fittings and cements of centuries; but there is something higher, truer, and far beyond all these claptrap expressions, that are fulminated from Northern rostrums and Northern pulpits, when the ministers of the meek and lowly one of Nazareth, whose feet should be shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace, come into the sacred desk with the battle-light upon their countenances, and their garments rolled in blood.

There are great natural laws written with the finger of the Most High, "That strife is the begetter of strife?" "That for the shedding of man's blood, man's blood must be shed?" That war's passions are not social agencies, but anti-social, springing from hate, not love. We all know, if we but express our honest convictions, that nothing can emanate from continued indulgence in war's fell and terrible passion, but more widespread havoc, more fearful devastation; and in the end anarchy, or a military despotism. The red, fiery currents of lava that run hissing

down the sides of Etna, or Vesuvius, do not scatter blessings as they run. The soil is not more fertile where their scouring footsteps have left their trace, nor does the olive and the vine spring with ranker luxuriance from the sides of the mountain that vomits the blazing lava from its fiery throat. The ocean of the tropics in some wild volcanic convulsion at its bottom, has been known to throw to the surface an island; but it was blank, drear and desolate, and looked as if it might have been seathed and scarred by the lightning and the thunderbolt. The gentle inspiration of centuries of sun and air, of dews and fertilizing showers, were needed to clothe it with living verdure, until it bloomed and blossomed like one of the Islands of the Blest. You might as well have expected that agitated ocean to have thrown to the surface a perfect picture of peace, serenity and beauty, as to hope for a restored and strengthened Union to rise from the waters of this cruel strife, through war's volcanic agency. The gentle dove of peace must brood long and lovingly over the scarred and shattered thing; the inspiration of the heaven-sent dews, and fertilizing showers of centuries of kindly offices and gentle intercourse, must descend before the fearful creation of this war can rejoice or its waste places "bloom and blossom like the rose." It was the dove spirit brooding over chaos that brought light out of darkness, order out of confusion, and evoked, after long cycles of time, a smiling creation of beauty and peace, when rude matter gradually put on new forms, in outward shape most excellent, in mechanism most admirable.

This is what nature teaches, and what man understands, when his fears or passions cease to be his guides, and he follows the majestic movements of divine reason. Mr. Everett comprehended more prosaically this principle, although his proverbial want of moral courage has caused him since to bend before the storm, when he said: "The suggestion that this Union can be maintained, or if once separated can be restored by the military prowess of one section, exerted to coerce the other into submission, is as self-contradictory as dangerous. It comes loaded with the death-smell of fields wet with brothers' blood. If the vital principle of all republican government is the consent of the governed, much more does an union of coequal sovereigns re-

quire as its basis the harmony of its members, and their voluntary co-operation in its organic functions."

And yet in the face of this truth here so grandly stated, its author to-day is laboring to prove that his own postulates were shameless fabrications and fallacies. To-day there are men deluded enough to believe, notwithstanding the revelations of the past, notwithstanding the promptings of common sense, and the revelations of their own honest instincts of humanity, that this war is being waged, and must result in the restoration of the Union as it was. Tell me you are waging a war for subjugation or annihilation, and I fully comprehend you, because these are results that have been and may again be brought about through the agencies of war; but when you talk to me about a war for the Union, you state a contradiction in terms. It is a *non sequitur* in logic, unless you propose and make it clear to me that you have the power to change the whole nature of humanity. Whenever you prove to me that "the flesh will not quiver when the pincers tear," that "blood will not follow when the knife is driven," then you will convince me that love and reconciliation will wait upon those agencies, which since man's fall in Eden have produced irreconcilable hate and a mad thirst for revenge.

But we continually hear it said, "we must exercise the vigor of the government to put down rebellion." That is the old cry of despotisms. Wounds and shrieks and tears, to let loose armies and to desolate whole provinces, these are the agencies by which absolute monarchs would restore order and obedience. The glare and tinsel of military display, the rumbling of siege trains, and the hideous belching of artillery, are too often mis-called governmental vigor, when they are in reality only evidence of weakness and corruption. The government that was based upon the consent of the governed, and that recognizes in its very Declaration of Independence, the right of the people in certain emergencies to alter and abolish governments, but still is compelled by military coercion to sustain its strength among its own subjects, shows that the period of its downfall has arrived. Siege trains and artillery, are a poor substitute for the ballot boxes of free men, and bring along with them accompanying and peculiar vices, that sooner or later leave their impress upon the people,

The military despotism that soon supplants the popular will and undermines popular institutions, as quickly tramples out every vestige of freedom. Independence of thought and boldness of action are soon stilled, and men go about with bated breath and whispering humbleness. Heavy taxes and lucrative official employment breed a spawn of plunderers, extortioners and jobbers as the air-exposed carrion does maggots. The morals of the people are soon undermined, and financial distress and ruin make men reckless of consequences. Said Sydney Smith on one occasion: "To let loose huzzars, and to bring up artillery, to govern with lighted matches, and to cut and stab, and push and prime—this is what men sometimes call the vigor of the government; but I call this not vigor, but the sloth of cruelty and ignorance." The children of this generation have conceived themselves wiser than those "children of light," our fathers, and are attempting to do what the men who framed our Constitution, pronounced to be an impossible thing, namely, "to restore a severed Union by the sword, and to win back good will and affection by the agencies of military coercion." "*The sword can divide, but can never re-unite this Union by the blood of its own citizens,*" said Elbridge Gerry. Said Oliver Ellsworth, afterwards Chief Justice, "*Attempt to execute the laws of the Union by sending an armed force against a disobedient State or States, and the nation will be involved in untold calamities. Its Constitution will soon cease to be, and a military despotism engulf the civil rights and liberties of the citizen.*"

These warning words were sounding in the ears of this deluded people, when the tramp of armed Northern millions deafened them so that they could not hear, and the blazon of their banners and the glitter of their muskets blinded them so that they could not see. But the public sense of hearing and sight are rapidly being restored. The wail of the widows and the orphan, the groans of the wounded and the mutilated are louder now in the public ear, than the measured tramp of military legions. The dun smoke of the war-cloud has dimmed somewhat the brightness and blazonry of those banners; and the dreadful carnage of fields wet with brothers' blood has tarnished

"The spangled sheen of that serried host."

Two years of a protracted struggle resulting in nothing but wider alienation, more intense hatred, and a complete demoralization, not to mention the wide spread ruin engendered in the business relations of the country, must have made manifest that a continuance of this war to restore the Union, is but the dream of a madman, or the lying delusion of a knave. Every hour of this fierce struggle plants a wedge somewhere to divide and disintegrate. Oh! it is a burning shame, with all the intellectual progress of the race at this hour in the world's day, that two armies of men of the same family and nation should be exercising their wicked ingenuity to decide how they can most fearfully mangle and kill each other; and this to settle a principle that a few months of peaceful, passionless diplomacy could arrange forever. But this is not all. It is a burning shame that men outside of these armies—christian men? no, men deluding themselves that they are christians, should be found hounding these armies on to slaughter, and rejoicing wherever the telegram announces a victory over their own countrymen—manifesting all the insane excitement in watching the result, as did the Romans in the Coliseum, where gladiators and slaves were butchered, “to make a Roman holiday.” Again would they have this fearful feast of death repeated with all its sickening horrors, with its mutilated, gasping sufferers, in order to settle a pincelio. Avarice, with greedy look, is urging on another advance that with rapacious clutch, it may receive its lion share of the spoils, and rob the very dead with its long line of camp followers. Ambition, “seeking the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth,” is proud of its military pomp, and would again strew the gory plain with the tortured, the dying and the dead, that it might gather one more fading laurel for its blood-stained brows. Such scenes as these must make the angels weep, and the demons of the infernal pit rejoice. And yet this is a war for the Union! Rash fanatics! You will as soon unite those shattered limbs to that poor trunk upon yonder battle field, that ghastly head to those shoulders from which it has been torn by the deadly shell, and make them live again, as ever re-unite the broken fragments of this Union, and make *them* live again as before.

The sword and the bayonet in a civil strife like the present, between two such people, can never help to the proper disposi-

tion in the mind of either section for a wise adjustment, and can never take the place of that civil wisdom without whose aid all the triumphs of the battle field are useless. In spite of all the efforts of those who are interested to prolong this war, the hour for compromise, for settlement, must come; and in view of the immense interests at stake, both for ourselves and those dearer than ourselves, our children, we must endeavor to do all that in us lies to hasten its coming. It is only fools or knaves who still continue to declare that we cannot treat with rebels, we cannot hold parley with those who are striking at the nation's life. An absolute monarch may talk about crushing out turbulent subjects; but a free government, where the people are sovereign, and their rulers are servants, and whose broad foundation stone was the consent of the governed, can have no desire, nay, has no right to crush out its own citizens. There can be no truth more undeniable than this, and the logic of events is demonstrating it every hour, that when Northern States fight against Southern upon the pretext of saving our nationality—they fight for a sham or a shadow, like the dog in the fable, who in snapping after the shadow in the brook of the substantial meat between his jaws, lost the solid meat by the operation. We have had evidence enough since this unfortunate civil war commenced, by the loss of one civil right after another here at the North, and by usurpations that savor of the vilest despotism, how soon such a war will extinguish our constitutional liberties, and destroy the Constitution itself, upon whose broad foundations our nationality rests. There is fearful apprehension at this hour in the minds of thoughtful men, that our Government is fast losing its outward form, and centralizing and consolidating power in the head. It is true, we have a President armed with the conservative veto to check unwholesome legislation; but that officer has already claimed the right to suspend the Constitution, whenever the exigency, in his own opinion, arises, that shall demand it. The anomaly is presented of the creature suspending the power of the creator. The agent complains that the powers granted by the principal are not sufficient, and therefore he creates the powers he does not find in his commission. It is true we have a Senate, intended to equalize the powers of the States, and to operate as a check both upon the Executive and the lower house of Congress; but

that body, like the Roman Senate in its decline, has veiled its face and bowed its head in the presence of the Dictator. It is true, we have a House of Representatives to speak for a majority of the people of the States, and to preserve that equilibrium so necessary in our system; but that body has long since ceased to be independent, and like the Government of Maryland, merely registers executive decrees. The Supreme Court, organized for life, or during good behavior, may be our safeguard; and yet in its remodelled state, its integrity and firmness are yet to be tried, and it is doubted by many whether even that tribunal shall prove equal to the crisis. Assumptions are so boldly made, and the great absolute rights of the citizens so openly derided and mocked at, that if this war continues another twelve-month, the question may have to be decided in America—the birth-place and cradle of liberty—whether liberty shall be resented or, bound hand and foot, shall be offered a sacrifice on the altar of a military despotism. No man can honestly believe for one moment that a further continuance of this war will form union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity; and yet these are the only objects for the securing of which this government was created.

If this war is not to cease—if the stronger section, the North, that professes not to be swayed by the impulses of passion, refuses in a spirit of magnanimity to declare for an armistice, in which the heat of passion shall have time to cool—then it becomes a war for subjugation or annihilation. I would not do such despite to the memory of my Fathers, to the glorious record of an Anglo Saxon lineage, as to admit the possibility that any eight millions of our own race can be subjugated by any force the North can bring against them. You may annihilate, but subjugate, never. Their blood, like our own, was

"Fetched from fathers of war proof."

and in many a gallant struggle since they have proven that it has lost none of its martial fire. These Southern hearts once throbbed with your own, like the hearts of twins that have rested beneath the same maternal breasts. They once throbbed

in unison, like the hearts of brothers, who together have attained the baptism of blood and fire.

Ammihilation is alike impossible with a nation that professes to wear a christian heart in its bosom. Besides, all christendom would justly cry aloud against the deep damnation of such a deed as this, while the demoralizing influences and usurped powers that must be evoked to execute such a hellish judgment, would reduce the North to a despotic power, worse than Ghenghis Khan or Tamerlane ever controlled. Such results have been accomplished, when the will of the despot was the supreme law—in such devastating wars as the Timours and Attilas of the world have waged—when the grass never grew where the hoofs of their chargers pressed, and the smoke of the country went up like the smoke of a furnace—never surely by a republic, whose chief corner stone was “the consent of the governed,” and whose principal object was “to establish justice and insure domestic tranquility.”

I stand here to-day, citizens, beneath the broad banner that once floated over land and sea, the emblem of a common nationality, of common sacrifices, and common hopes. I long to see it once more restored to its original lustre, and protecting beneath its peaceful shadow every State in this Union from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from the Atlantic coast, to where California rolls down her golden sands to the Pacific. But if it is to be the red banner of conquest, advancing before

“An untitled tyrant, bloody sceptr'd,”

I would tear it from its staff and trample it under foot, for then, indeed, would it have become, what Abolitionism has long declared it to be,

“A flaunting lie.”

I have been from the first opposed to this war. I was opposed to it at its inception, because I foresaw the fearful consequences that must ensue. I am opposed to its further prosecution now, because every hour of its continuance only complicates the difficulties that surround us, and can only lead where civil wars have always led, to the demoralization and complete disintegration of the peoples who engage in it. I

shall hail the hour when the Ship of State, passing out of the lurid glare of the tempest of war, once more rides safe at anchor in the blessed calm of the haven of peace.

Animated by but one desire, my country's welfare, I have adhered to this view through all the suffering and persecution that have environed me. It is my conscientious conviction of its truth, born amid the painful travail of my own spirit, in the silent chambers of my own soul, that has enabled me to bear all, suffer all. It is this conviction that will in the future enable me in such a cause to endure hate's yell, envy's hiss and folly's bray, knowing that it is the cause of the Blessed One, who came to bring peace, not a sword. At first the cause was weak and helpless, but it will be with it, as it ever is with any work upon which He lifts up the light of His countenance to bless it, as it is with the harvests upon which He pours his golden sunlight, and distilleth His gentle rain: "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." The full corn in the ear has not yet indeed come, but it is rapidly ripening. The signs of the times manifest how the popular heart is beating, and the hour is not far distant when

"No more the thirsty Erinnys of the soil
 Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood,
 No more shall trenched war channel her fields,
 Nor bruise her flow'rets, with the armed hoof of hostile paces."

I know in the modern acceptance of the term, it is considered disloyal even to wish for peace. I am willing to accept whatever meaning attaches to the appellation, preferring to be loyal to my own conscience and sense than to any artificial standard that men set up who take counsel of their fears, or who view the attacks on the war as the silversmiths of Demetrius looked upon the insults to the goddess Diana, as interfering with the craft by which they obtained their wealth. If to believe that the policy of this Administration, as now fully developed, will never end this war successfully, even if watered with the blood of countless hecatombs of slaughtered victims, be disloyalty, then am I a traitor. If to believe that the prosecution of such a war with the objects now avowed, will never remit these warring sections, be disloyalty, then am I a traitor. If to be



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lieve that a speedy peace is infinitely preferable to the prolongation of such a war, be disloyal—then am I traitor.

In the words of Lutterell, advocating peace with the Colonies in 1782, in the English House of Commons:

"I am loyal to the best interests of my country when I ask that this terrible war shall cease, that it may recover from the ghastly wounds already inflicted. I am loyal to humanity when I ask that this horrid slaughter of the men of one family and nation shall cease. I am loyal to my Redeemer when I ask that the passions engendered by war, shall give place to the sober agencies of reason, in the name of that Blessed One, 'who was King of Salem, that is Prince of Peace!'"

Hollinger
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